

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

NO. 22.—VOL. XXI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1809.

NO. 1064.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

## MISTRUST;

OR,

## BLANCHE AND OSBRIGHT;

### A FEUDAL ROMANCE

(In Continuation.)

## CHAP. XI.

"Why does she stop, and look often around, As she glides down the secret stair?  
And why does she pat the shaggy blood hound,  
As he rouses him up from his lair?  
And though she passes the postern alone,  
Why is not the watchman's bugle blown?"  
*W. Scott's 'Lays of the Last Minstrel'.*

The time was arrived, at which Osbright had engaged to meet Barbara near the draw-bridge; but some suspicious circumstances had alarmed Father Peter, and made him intimate to his guest, that spies were certainly watching near the Chapel-gate. There was no other outlet; Osbright, however unwillingly, thought it advisable to protract his departure for a short time; after which Father Peter was sent out to see whether the persons, whose appearance had excited his suspicions, were still loitering near the place. The old man soon returned with the report that all seemed quiet, and that in his belief his guest might now set forward without danger of a discovery. But as much time had been lost by this hesitation, the youth doubted not, that Blanch and her companions must have long since quitted the Castle of Orrenberg, and perhaps had already sheltered themselves within the cave.

Thither he therefore hastened with all possible expedition, and found his conjectures verified. Blanche and Barbara were safe within St. Hildegarde's Grotto, and extremely uneasy at his not arriving. In two hours the draw-bridge of Orrenberg Castle would be raised, and Blanche's return prevented: while on the other hand Barbara was uneasy at being so long absent from her decrepit grandmother, and yet could not leave Blanche in the cavern without a companion. The arrival of Osbright at once dispelled their uneasiness. Blanche received him with mingled joy and sorrow: and Barbara, having congratulated the lovers on their meeting, stated her own presence to be now superfluous, and entreated permission to return to her grandmother, who (she was certain) must be extremely uneasy at her absence. The permission was readily granted, and he lost no time in profiting by it.

And now did Osbright employ every resource of his eloquence to persuade Blanche, that the hour was come when they must either part forever, or must part no more. Blanche heard the assurance with agony; but the proposal of flight, of marriage unauthorized by her parents, was rejected by her, not merely with firmness, but abhorrence. She owned, that to see Osbright no more, was the bitterest of all earthly misfortunes, except to live under the consciousness of having merited paternal displeasure.—

She said, that in truth her parting with him would break her heart. But her flight with him would break the hearts of her parents; and she prayed that the vengeance of offended Heaven might fall heavy on her head, if she ever planted a single painful feeling in those bosoms which from the first moment of her birth had only palpitated with love and with anxiety for her.

In answer to this, Osbright said every thing that despairing passion could suggest. In vain did Blanche assure him that no persuasion could induce her to act in contradiction to her sense of duty. The youth persisted in pointing out the advantages likely to result from so slight and so temporary a deviation from the path of strict propriety; and he was still urging his hopeless suit, when a stone fell through a chasm in the grotto's roof, which was at some little distance from the rocky bank on which our lovers were seated. Osbright turned round; a second stone fell, and was followed by a third, accompanied by a low murmuring voice. He listened, and fancied that he could distinguish his own name. He arose, and advanced to the chasm.

"Is there any one above?" said he, aloud; "did any one call—"

"Hush, hush, Sir Knight!" interrupted a voice, still whispering; "speak softly for Heaven's sake; I am Barbara. Oh! Sir Knight, I fear that we are all undone, or at least that the Lady Blanche has got into the saddest hole that ever poor lady put her head into. Would you believe it, Sir Knight? I had scarcely put my foot on the outside of the narrow passage, and I was going along gaily, singing to myself, and (the Lord knows) thinking of no harm, when all on a sudden, 'Seize her!' cries a voice like thunder, and in an instant I found myself surrounded by armed men. I fell down on my knees, and begged for my life, and with good reason; for one tall terrible Knight had drawn his dagger, as if ready to stab me, only his companion caught him by the arm, and bade him remember his oath—'Right,' said the fierce one: 'then away with her to the Castle! Confiner her in the dungeons of the South Tower! When I heard the word 'dungeon,' I thought that I should have died outright; so I fell to crying and entreating more than ever, and as luck would have it, the moon just then happened to come from behind a cloud—'Ha!' cried the quiet one, as soon as he saw my face, 'this cannot be the Lady Blanche!'—'Oh! no, no, no!' said I, before I gave myself time to think, 'I am not the Lady Blanche, indeed. She is yonder in the cave with Sir Osbright, disguised in boy's clothes, and—'"

"You told them so? Imprudent girl! You have undone us all!"

Alas the day! Sir Knight! I was in such a flutter, that I scarcely knew what I did or said. But as soon as they knew who I really was, they released me, and bade me go my ways. I would fain have returned to tell you what had happened; but they would not suffer me, and I was obliged to set forward as if going to my own home. Yet I could not bear to leave you in ignorance of their evil designs: so after a little while I stole back again without noise, and by help of the shrubs and bushes I crept behind

the two, who appeared the chief of the party, so that I could overhear their whole design."

"And that design is—"

"To seize the Lady Blanche on her leaving the grotto, and convey her to the Castle of Frankheim, where she is to be shut up in a dungeon, till she consented to marry some young madman, who (it seems) has lost his wits for love of her. The fierce one was for going to the grotto and dragging her away this moment; but his companion reminded him of his promise of seizing her if possible, when she had parted with Sir Osbright—"But suppose," says the fierce one, "he should not part with her, till she is safe within the walls of Orrenberg?" At last it was agreed between them, that they should still wait an hour to see, whether Blanche should come out alone; but if that time should elapse without your quitting the cave, Sir Knight, then the fierce one swore with a thousand dreadful oaths, that he would tear her from you with his own hands—"And if he resists," continued he in a dreadful voice, and he clenched his hands, and I could hear him gnash his teeth; "if he resists, I will either plunge my sword in the hated girl's heart, or he shall bury his in his father's."

"Your father, Osbright! Your dreadful father?" exclaimed Blanche wringing her hands, "now you see, in what danger this trifling breach of duty has involved me! Oh! my parents, my dear, good parents! How severely am I punished for having clandestinely left for one hour the shelter of your protecting arms!"

"No! no!" said Barbara eagerly, while Osbright vainly endeavoured to calm the terrors of his mistress, though his own alarm was scarcely less; "all is not lost yet, dear Lady; calm yourself, and listen to me; for as soon as I knew the designs of these villains I bethought me of a means to save you, and it was for this purpose, that I hazarded to climb the rock, and steal hither unobserved to give you this intelligence. It seems, that Sir Osbright is in no danger; they will let him pass forth without hindrance, and will rejoice in getting rid of him, in order that they may bear you away to their horrible dungeons without resistance. Now mark, what you must do; throw off that long cloak, in which Dame Margaret wrapped you up so carefully; array yourself instead in Sir Osbright's armour, and then march forth with a stout heart, his shield on your arm, and his helmet on your head. The shadows of night will doubtless prevent the strangers from observing any difference in your height; the clattering of the armour will confirm them in their mistake; and though to be sure the moon shines brightly just at present, that is a circumstance in your favour; for I heard one of the villains tell the other, that though you were in boy's clothes, there could be no mistaking you for Sir Osbright, who would be known by the device on his shield, and by the scarlet and white plumes on his helmet. Come, come, make haste, lady; for I'll warrant you there is but little time to spare."

Osbright had already divested himself of his breastplate and his glittering casque, and he now hastened to adorn with them the delicate

form of *Blanche*. Confused and terrified in the extreme, she yielded to his entreaties, but frequently compelled both him and *Barbara* to repeat their assurances, that he ran no danger by remaining in the grotto. At length her disguise was complete, and, with a beating heart and trembling limbs, she set forward on her dangerous expedition.

(To be Continued.)

#### PERSIA.

*Curious Anecdotes from the late Travels of M. Gardanne in Persia.*

The politeness of the Persians is of a species perfectly oriental. A Nobleman of high rank went one day to the French Ambassador's to beg his pardon because the weather was so bad in Persia.

The diplomatic conferences at Teheran are held in the same manner as our dramatic exhibitions, with the doors open, and in the presence of a multitude of auditors. The orientals cannot conceive the necessity of secrecy in conventions between States.

The women are kept, as much enlaid in Persia as in the rest of the East. A Frenchman belonging to the suite of the Ambassador, one day excited a great uproar at Teheran, for having ventured to cast some inquisitive looks at the garden of a seraglio. At the sight of a man, the women uttered screams of affright; some of them even snatched up arms, and prepared to repel eyes with musket balls.

M. Gardanne one day asked a nobleman how many children he had. 'I don't know,' replied he, 'inquire of my secretary.' The secretary turned to his list and answered his master had seventeen children.

#### AN ANAGRAM.

When the Saviour of the world was asked by Pilate, the Roman Prefect in Judea—*Quid sit Veritas*? (What is truth?) we are informed by the sacred historian that he made no answer. Anagrammatize the question, and you have—*Est vir qui adest*—It is the man before you. How eloquent then that very silence!

#### GENEROSITY.

One day when James I. was standing among his Courtiers, a Peer passed by with a little money, carrying it to the Treasury. Rich, one of his favourites afterwards eulogized him, whispered to one standing by him: 'How happy would that money make me!' Without hesitation James gave it all to him though it amounted to £3000. He added: 'You think yourself very happy in obtaining so large a sum; but I am more happy in having an opportunity of obliging a worthy man whom I love.'

#### MAXIMS.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will be always endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself at one time or another.

Those who are always deceitful seldom deceive. We are bound to speak truth, but not every truth.

A liar is a liar to God, and a coward to man. Truth may not be crossed by devious or equivocalness; it may be concealed in a discreet silence, except in the case of an oath: no man is bound to speak all he knows.

Those who are plain-hearted themselves, are the bitterest of enemies to deceit in others.

Seldom ever was there a good end of ostentation; presumption is at once the preface and cause of ruin.

Cautious rigour is at all times invidious, and has this additional objection to it, that the severity of a preventive course when it best succeeds, leaves its expediency the least apparent.

There is a material difference between the glory purchased by valour in the field, and fame that is acquired by compacts to surprise the innocent, and invade the property of the peaceable.

For the New York Weekly Museum.

#### TO HENRICUS.

Ah! cease thy flattering strain,  
Thy words doth give me pain,  
Then, if I may, I'll pray refrain.  
For thou art not sincere,  
If friendship you'll impart,  
Beneath the veil of art,  
You know not Julia's heart,  
From all deception clear.

Thy woes still claim my sighs,  
Thy friendship I should prize;  
But flattery I despise.  
My fervent wish attend—  
It is, that Heaven may send  
One sympathizing friend,  
To soothe my bosom's pain.

But I renounce for ever love's illusion,  
So late the victim of its false delusion!

JULIA FRANCESCA.

#### POOR POLLY—THE MAD GIRL.

Poor Polly was mad and she sighed all alone,  
Her bed the damp turf and her pillow a stone.  
A poor tattered blanket enveloped her form,  
But her bosom was bare to the pitiless storm:  
For alas! in that breast reigned love's ardent desire,  
And she thought the bleak winds might perhaps cool the fire.

Her hair was dishevelled, and straw bound her head,  
And lovely her face, though its roses were fled;  
Her notes though untutored by musical art,  
Were plaintively wiled and sunk deep in the heart:  
And the strains that unceasingly flowed from her breast,

Were, 'the vulture has plundered the nightingale's nest.'

Quite frantic I saw her, and pitied her fate;  
I wept, and my bosom was swelling with hate,  
My curs: perfidious despoiler! were thine,  
My sorrow was offered at sympathy's shrine:  
For remorseless thou fled'st her, and scoffed at her pain,  
Thou alone art the vulture that preyest on the brain.

#### ON MEMORY.

As wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,  
By the dial-stone aged and green,  
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,  
To mark where a garden had been.  
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,  
All wild in the silence of nature, it drew  
From each wandering sunbeam a lonely embrace;  
For the night-weed and thorn overshadowed the place  
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness! Emblem of all  
That survives in the disconsolate heart;  
The fabric of Illus to its centre may fall,  
But Patience shall never depart;  
Thou' the wild of Enchantment, all verbal and bright,  
In the days of delusion by fancy combined  
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,  
Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,  
And leave but a desert behind.

#### EPITAPH

##### ON A SOLDIER.

When I was young, in wars I shed my blood,  
Both for my king and for my country's good;  
In elder years my chief care was to be  
Soldier to him who shed his blood for me.

For the New York Weekly Museum.

#### ON DRUNKENNESS.

Among the numerous vices to which human nature is subject, there is not one so disgraceful, as contemptible, or so degrading, as that of drunkenness. It is strange, how man, the pride of reason, can descend to a character so derogatory to the dignity of his nature, so repugnant to every dictate of reason, and which places him so nearly on a level with the brute.

The progress of this odious and detestable vice, though at first imperceptible, is gradually established; and, at length, undermining the whole nature of man, it irretrievably bursts forth in the commission of the most horrible crimes, and terminates in the inevitable ruin of its unhappy possessor. Oh! thou infatuated mortal, whoever thou art, stop in thy mad career. The lingering hand of death will sooner or later terminate your existence, and prostrate you in the silent grave.

To become acquainted with the pernicious effects of intoxication, let us have recourse to history. The first personage that would present itself to us would be Alexander the Great. That man, who, with a handful of Macedonians, could conquer nearly the whole world; who could sustain heat, cold, or hunger with equal indifference; who marked his way with fire and sword; that very man was himself conquered by the delusive charms of intemperance. Who he, on a certain occasion, had killed his friend Clitus, his conscience stung him with remorse, and that sword which was teeming with the blood of his old general would have terminated his own existence, had not his guards interfered. A life, however, which had been thus preserved, did not long survive the atrocious deed. Alexander continued for some time afterwards to plunge headlong into the grosser enormities, to satisfy his love of pleasure, which at length terminated his existence. Let this example suffice. Such, Oh! drunkenness, are thy fatal effects. Such, Oh! man, thy mad career. Learn from this example of Alexander, that infatuated monster, to correct thy errors, to mend thy conduct, and never to suffer reason to become the dupe of the passions.

A.B.C.

For the New York Weekly Museum.

#### ON DUELLING.

Among the numerous passions so prevalent among mankind, there is none which has attracted the observation of every person, so much, or so deviously as duelling. This method of deciding personal animosities, instead of losing is unhappily gaining ground every day. It is a passion which will destroy the virtue and happiness of individuals, and which, when deeply rooted in society, is calculated to produce the most pernicious effects.

When any person receives an injury, he immediately challenges his antagonist. They meet at the stated time; but—they fall, and are precipitately hurried to an untimely grave. They leave families to mourn for them who were before their staff and only support. They leave an example to others, who are thereby encouraged to follow their steps, and with them to acquire the glorious epithet of *honourable*. How mistaken the idea! How infatuated must that person be, who can prostitute his life, for the selfish purpose of gratifying his passions! Can any person imagine that it is honourable to encourage animosities and jealousies, or to sow the seeds of discord among friends and neighbours? Surely not.

Duelling ought to be checked in its rapid career; for if it be carried to a great pitch, it will destroy the harmony and intercourse among men; their virtuous happiness will be forever; in a word, it will be the canker of life, the destroyer of all good and the contaminator of all human enjoyments.

N.S.

#### WOMEN.

There is an unaccountable humour in some women, of being smitten with every thing that is showy and superficial, and numberless evils arise from this fantastical disposition. They consider only the dress of the species, and never cast a thought on the treasures of the mind that make persons illustrious in themselves, and useful to others.

# The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JULY 8, 1869.

On Monday the 26th ult. at 12 o'clock, on the Maryland shore, near Laidler's ferry, a duel was fought between Nathaniel H. Hooe, Esq. and Capt. John N. Ashton, both of King George county, Virginia, in which Captain Ashton was dangerously wounded in an artery of one of his thighs.

On the evening of the 26th ult. between sunset and dark, John Seinker, Esq. was murdered on the road from Frederickburgh in Virginia to his seat (Mill Bank) in King George County. He received the contents of a gun in his side, charged with buck-shot, while sitting in his gig, and died in the course of 15 minutes. A negro boy that was behind the gig states that this horrid act was perpetrated by one or two negro fellows that rushed out of the bushes on him, who are supposed to be his sons that have been a considerable time run away.

**Fire**—The Court house, Gaol and two dwelling houses, in Bennington, were consumed by fire in the night of the 17th ult. In the same night, the dwelling house of Lieut. Caleb Winch of Fitzwilliam, (N. H.) was burnt. A child of Capt. Joseph Winch aged 7 years, perished in the flames. *Vermont Paper.*

On Sunday morning last about 1 o'clock, the inhabitants of B-ston were alarmed by the cry of fire. It was kindled in the shed attached to Mr. Hunt's dwelling-house, in Hawkins-street, and immediately communicated to the surrounding buildings, which were principally wooden. Before the fire could be completely extinguished, it had consumed the dwelling-house and out-houses of Messrs. Hunt, Moore, Townshend, and Snelling. Strong suspicions are entertained, that this destruction of property, and jeopardy of human life, was the result of an incendiary design.

**Philadelphia June 30.**—In the thunder-storm of Wednesday evening last about 6 o'clock, the house, which Mr. Mordcau Lewis, of the city, was driving in a chair back of Germantown, was struck dead by lightning, which descended in three flashes, at the same instant—striking a tree on each side of the chair. Mr. Lewis was sensibly affected by the shock—but escaped with no other injury than a numbness of his legs, which is now removed.

At Hebron, Connecticut, on the 17th ult. Mr. John Cour, aged 55, was killed by the discharge of a Field Piece, which had not been sufficiently sponged, on training day—At the same time another man belonging to Lebanon, was wounded in a shocking manner, and on the same day a negro boy was instantly killed at Hebron, by the careless discharge of a musket.

Some time since a dreadful explosion was heard at Twyford, on the Paddington canal, England. On proceeding to the spot, it was discovered that a cask of gunpowder on board a barge had exploded: two men were found dead on the ground at some distance, and one of them had a gimlet in his hand, from which circumstance it is conjectured that he had been boring the cask, thinking it contained liquor.

A shocking catastrophe befell Miss Frances Hord, the daughter of R. H. Hord, Esq. of Piccadilly, London, on Sunday last, at the house of Mrs. Iversart, a relation, in the Hackney Road. The young lady was somewhat indisposed with a cold, and on retiring to bed she took some gruel. In two hours after she became indisposed, and on surgical assistance being procured, the symptoms gave rise to an opinion, that she had taken poison. The young lady lived only nine hours, and it was discovered that the oatmeal which she used for the gruel, which she had herself made, was impregnated with arsenic for the destruction of vermin.

*London Paper.*

## What crimes are prompted by the love of gold?

A young man of reputable connexions, by the name of Morton, was capitally convicted of defrauding the British bank. While he was lying in prison, and in the agonizing expectation of suffering a shameful execution, a pretended friend of the name of D——, who had formed the diabolical plan of speculating by the transaction, visited him, and with professions of the warmest benevolence, offered to assist him to escape, which he actually effected, and Morton fled to France.

D—— then betook himself to the directors of the bank, who were much disappointed at the escape of their victim, and offered to deliver him into their hands, on condition that they would pay him four thousand pounds.—They refused to promise so large a sum, but made the offer of one thousand pounds, which D——, finding that he could get no more, accepted.

The matter being settled, D—— wrote to Morton, that his friends, with a good prospect of success, were attempting to obtain his pardon. A few days after, he wrote that his pardon was obtained, and he might return with safety. Mr. Morton received the intelligence with transports of joy, and entertaining no suspicion of his pretended friend, to whom alone he had confided the knowledge of the place of his retreat, returned with all speed to England, and was immediately arrested and executed.

D—— received the thousand pounds, together with the execrations of millions of people, as the reward of his atrocious perfidy.

Several communications, received this week, will be attended to in our next.

JUST RECEIVED,  
AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,  
a few resins elegant gift edge and plain  
*NOTE PAPER.*

also,  
a handsome assortment of  
**COMMON PRAYER BOOKS.**

**CISTERNS**  
Made and put in the ground complete warranted  
tight by  
**C ALFORD**  
No 13 Catharine street, near the Watch house

FOR SALE,  
AT  
**C. HARRISON'S BOOK STORE,**  
NO. 3, PRICK-ALLEY,  
THE  
**CHARMS OF LITERATURE,**

Consisting of an Assortment of curious and interesting pieces in Prose and Verse. Among the contents, *we Murder Will Out, the Dying Daughter to her Mother, the Patriotic Clergyman, the American Farmer, the Forest Boy, &c.*

## COURT OF HYMEN.

By thee the gross grown heart refined,  
With philanthropic ardour glow;  
Mind strong in union to mind.  
Through union, more ethereal grows.

## MARRIED.

On Thursday the 29th ult. by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. George W. Gosman, to Miss Harriet Sherred, daughter of Jacob Sherred Esq.  
On Thursday last, at Friends' Meeting House, N. J. Joseph D. Everingham, merchant of this city, to Miss Fitz Randolph, daughter of Jacob Fitz Randolph of New Blazing Star

## MORTALITY.

True courage, beauty, sentiment, and wit,  
Bloom in an hour, and bloom but to decay:  
Life quits its occupants as the airy spirit  
Before the morning gale fleets fast away.

## DIED.

On Saturday last, at Gen. Morton's at Greenwich, after a short illness, Morton Jackson, of the United States' Navy, son of the late Dr. David Jackson of Philadelphia, in the 18th year of his age.  
On Monday morning last, after a few days illness, in the 48th year of her age, Mrs. Mary Clarkson, wife of David M. Clarkson.

On Tuesday last, after a short illness, Eliza A. C. Hoffman, youngest daughter of Josiah Ogden Hoffman, Esq.

On Tuesday evening last, in the 34th year of her age, after a long and painful illness, which she bore with exemplary fortitude, Mrs. Rebecca Woodham, wife of Mr. James Woodham.

At Perth Amboy, New-Jersey, on the 30th ult. Col. Phineas Manning, in the 53th year of his age.

At Philadelphia, on the evening of the 30th ult. of an apoplexy, in the 54th year of his age, John Keese, Esq. late of this city.

On the 4th inst. at Lamberton, in the state of New-Jersey, after a long and painful illness, Miss Margaret Ewing, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Linn Ewing, of Philadelphia.

At Richmond, Virginia the Hon. John Prentiss, Esq. aged 57.

At his seat at Haymowd, in Fayetteville, North-Carolina, on the 29th ult. John Hay, Esq. Attorney at Law, in the 52d year of his age, for many years a distinguished and highly respectable man.

At Danville, Connecticut, on the 29th ult. Mr. James Kittridge, aged 81. He was one of the first settlers of Danville, a gentleman of unexceptionable character, and an exemplary professor of the christian religion. He has left a wife, 10 children, 63 grand children, and 45 great grand children—making of his progeny in number 121.

At Lancaster, England, Mr. William Goring, aged 119. He has had 7 wives, was the father of 21 children, 19 of whom, together with 76 grand children, and 149 great grand children are now living to lament the death of their progenitor.

Lately, in England, Lord Danmore, formerly Governor of Virginia.

## ECONOMICAL AND CONVENIENT CHAMBER LIGHT.

By means of a Floating Wax Taper which will burn 10 Hours.

and not consume more than a spoonful of oil, and give a good and sufficient light. They require no particular lamp, but may be burnt in a wine glass, tumbler, or any similar vessel.—Persons who are in the habit of being called up at night, and others requiring or wishing a light during the night (particularly the sick), will find these Tapers exceedingly cheap and convenient.—They are recommended to Publicans to light Segars with during the day.

They are sold at C. Harrison's Book-Store, and at G. and R. Waite's, Nos. 64 and 38, Maiden-Lane, in boxes containing 50 tapers, at 50 cents per box.

## WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

An Apprentice to the Printing Business. None need apply unless well recommended. Inquire at this Office.  
May 13.



## COURT OF APOLLO.

[The following lines, not much inferior to *Beautie* while they amuse will excite useful reflection in more classes than one.]

FROM THE CONNECTICUT GAZETTE.

'Twas evening and darkness had stole o'er the world,  
The deep hour of midnight had solemnly pealed,  
The lids of distracted ambition were curled;  
And sleep had the pale eye of avarice sealed.

'Twas then, when deep silence and darkness con-  
spired  
To shed o'er creation a horror profound,  
The lamp which burnt dim in the socket expired,  
And ALEXANDER alone cast his dim eye around.

On a small wretched couch by strange pity supplied,  
Lay all that remained of the victim of love,  
For whom the soft breast of the virgin had sighed,  
Whom swains while they envied ne'er ceased to  
approve.

How short, sighed the youth are the joys of an age,  
How sure! eternity bungs on the past;  
Yet still in new pleasures vain mortals engage,  
As if the short scene were forever to last.

Few, few are my years and how fleeting they seem,  
But, ah! for destruction how few will suffice;  
Too transient for virtue to purify her beam,  
Alas! had they been but too transient for vice.

Oh! thoughtless I spurned at the friend who advised,  
Parental solicitude moved but a smile;  
The suggestions of age, tho' in tears, I despised,  
And resented their fear lest the world should be  
guile.

But confident folly soon meets its reward,  
Misfortune shall cloud the undutiful head;  
The wretch who despises paternal regard,  
Ere long the sad tear of contrition shall shed.

See this frame ye unthinking companions in guilt,  
Who now o'er the temples of Bacchus preside;  
Behold the vain fabric which folly had built,  
Behold the remains of imprudence and pride.

Oh, could I but gain a few years that are gone!—  
The future arises in dreadful review!—  
To-morrow the glimmer of mercy may dawn,  
Or darkness tremendous forever ensue.

His folded hands loosened their tremulous hold,  
His pulse pressed his bosom and faintly retired,  
In the dim shade of silence his ghastly eye rolled;  
Exhausted, he sunk on the couch and expired!

*Elegant accomplishment in the most beautiful display  
of the vegetable kingdom.*

### WILLIAM LOVEBOROUGH, PROFESSOR OF WAX-WORK.

NO. 77, CHATHAM-STREET,  
Presents his most respectful services to the Fair  
Daughters of America, and informs them, that he  
teaches Wax-Work, either in the taking of Like-  
nesses, or in imitating the various fruits of the earth,  
with their respective foliage, from the creeping Straw-  
berry, to the high and lofty Anana. He also instructs  
in the making of Artificial Flowers, and various orna-  
ments in Rock and other work; with the method of  
making moulds, to cast at pleasure, in the most per-  
fect shape, any thing that may be desired.—Artificial  
Deserts, of every description, on the most reasonable  
terms. Roses and Fruit Trees ornamented, so as to  
deceive the eye at the shortest distance.

His terms for learning the above ac-complishments  
are but ten dollars, a knowledge of which may be ob-  
tained in a few weeks, with only an attendance of two  
or three hours a day.

Old cases of Wax-Work taken in exchange:  
and the highest price given for sea-shells.

June 10

1000—6t

## TORTOISE SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY  
N SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER  
FROM LONDON.  
At the sign of the Golden Rose,  
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies orna-  
mented Combs of the newest fashion—also Lad-  
ies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Boil  
far superior to any other for softening beautifying  
and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agree-  
able perfume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that  
holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small  
compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles  
Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well  
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples red-  
ness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after  
shaving, with printed directions, 3s 4s 8s and 12s  
bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the  
hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey  
4s and 8s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted  
Violet double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d

Smith's Saronette Royal Paste for washing the  
skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per  
pot, do paste

Smith's Cymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder for the  
teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural col-  
our to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or  
Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin

Smith's superfine Hair Powder. Almond powder  
for the skin, 8s per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, glass-  
ing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from  
turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Po-  
matums 1s per pot or roll. Doisted do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a  
most beautiful coral red to the lips 2d and 4s per box

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted  
His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chym-  
ical principles to help the operation of shaving 2s  
and 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster 3s per box  
Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books  
Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton.  
Garrets, and Eau de Cologne

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mould  
\* \* The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic  
Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-  
knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn  
combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving  
but have their goods fresh and free from adultera-  
tion, which is not the case with imported Perfumery  
3 Trunks Marsh-Mallows Pomatum

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

## ROOMS TO LET.

Two or three Rooms to let for the summer season,  
in a genteel house at Brooklyn, in a retired spot—  
And two or three Gentlemen can be accommodated  
with Board. Inquire of Mr. Chichester, at the New  
Ferry, Brooklyn.  
May 20. 1037 if.

## THOMAS MORTON.

Begs leave to acquaint his friends and the public,  
that he has removed to No. 92 William-street, the  
store occupied by the late Mrs. Brasher: where he  
has for sale the following fancy and staple articles—

Damask and diaper table cloths  
Fine French cambrics and linens  
Twilled cotton sheetings

6 4 wide checks and bed ticks  
Chintz, calicoes and ginghams

Fancy shawls, silk, cotton and camels hair  
Ladies and gentlemen's silk and cotton hose,  
Gentlemen's English black silk extra sizes do,

India book, cambrics and muslins muslins  
Plain, Fancy, and Doras Pelings

Ribbons, sewing Silks, cotton and silk Trimmings  
Fancy Vratings, Cassimeres and Cloths  
Cotton Yarn for Sewing, Knitting and Drawing

Pins, Tapes, velvet Binding and Fans  
White and coloured Threads, Ross silk and Thread,  
with a variety of other Articles, which will be sold  
low, wholesale and retail.

May 27

1038—tf

## CHARLES SPENCER,

CONFECTIONER.

Inform his Friends and the Public, that he has re-  
moved to No. 118, Broadway, opposite the City-hotel,  
where he carries on his business in its various bran-  
ches, and hopes, by strict attention, still to deserve  
patronage. Families supplied with Plum-  
cake iced and neatly ornamented—Tarts of every  
description—Pyramids, Ice cream, Blanche-mouss,  
Jellies, &c.—Country Orders punctually attended to  
March 11. 1047—6a

## RICHARD MULHEWAN.

Has for sale at his stores, No 12 Peck's Slip, and at  
Greenwich, opposite the State Prison Barracks, a  
neat assortment of Dry Goods, consisting of Super-  
fine and Second Cloths, Cassimeres, Swansons,  
Flannels, Cotton Casimeres, Russia Diapers, Cotton  
Umbrellas, Black and White Cambric Muslin, Col-  
lars, Furniture Dimities, India Lustrings, Cane  
and Thread Laces, Blue and White Gorrals, Ma-  
moudies, Cotton Carcs, &c. which he will sell on mo-  
derate terms for cash.

The store at Greenwich will continue open till  
the first of November.

## LEWIS FORNIQUET

Respectfully informs his Friends and the Public in  
general, that he has removed to No. 136, Nassau-  
street, where he solicits a continuation of their patronage,  
and flatters himself that the quality of his stock, and the  
attention to business, will meet with their approba-  
tion. He has lately received, by arrivals from Liver-  
pool, a new and elegant assortment of London Pearl  
Jewellery, consisting of Necklaces, Ear-rings, and  
Pearl ornaments for the Head, Pearl and Topazian  
Bracelets and Rings

ON HAND,

A handsome assortment of Pearl, Diamond, and real  
Topaz Pins, Gold Watch-Chains and Seals, Plain and  
Cornelian Keys, Gold Ear-rings, Breast-pins, Rings,  
Lockets, and Bracelets; Silver Tea sets, Table, Tea,  
and Dessert Spoons; Soup Ladies and Fish Knives;  
Tortoise-shell, Dressing, and Fine Combs, Scissors,  
Tortoise, Best Whitechapel, Needles in quarters,  
and a great variety of other articles too numerous to  
mention.—He makes all sorts of Hair-work and Elastic  
Braids, in the Newest Fashion, and at the short-  
est Notice.

January 28.

1041—d

## S. DAWSON'S, WARRANTED DURABLE INK, FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN, FOR SALE

by the quantity or single bottle, at No 3 Peck-Slip  
and at the Proprietors 48 Frankfurt-street  
May 13

JUST RECEIVED

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,  
THE EXILE OF ERIN.

A NEW NOVEL

BY MISS GUNNING.

ALSO

THE COMMUNICANT'S COMPANION;  
OR,  
INSTRUCTIONS AND HELP  
FOR  
THE RIGHT RECEIVING OF THE LORD'S  
SUPPER.

JUST IMPORTED,

HAIR SEATING FOR COVERING  
CHAIRS AND SETTEES.

As low as any in New-York. For sale at No.  
237, Water-Street, New-York.

JOHN L. POST.

NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISON

NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann.

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE